Meſſ. At Billingſgate my Lord.

Falſt. I hope my Lord al's wel, what is the newes my lord?

Lord Come all his forces backe?

Meſſ. No, fifteen hundred foot, fiue hundred horſe
Are marcht vp to my lord of Lancaſter,
Againſt Northumberland, and the Archbiſhop.

Falſt. Comes the King back from Wales, my noble lord?

Lord You ſhall haue letters of me preſently,
Come, go along with me, good maſter Gower.

Falſt. My lord.

Lord Whats the matter?

Falſtaffe Maiſter Gower, ſhall I intreate you with mee to dinner?

Gower I muſt waite vpon my good lord here, I thank you good ſir Iohn.

Lord Sir Iohn, you loyter heere too long,
Being you are to take ſouldiers vp
In Counties as you go.

Falſtaffe Will you ſuppe with mee maiſter Gower?

Lord What fooliſh maiſter taught you theſe manners, ſir Iohn?

Falſtaffe Maiſter Gower, if they become me not, hee was a foole that taught them mee: this is the right fencing grace, my Lord, tap for tap, and ſo part faire.

Lord Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great foole.

Enter the Prince, Poynes, ſir Iohn Ruſſel, with other.

Prince Before God, I am exceeding weary.

Poynes Iſt come to that? I had thought wearines durſt not haue attacht one of ſo hie bloud.

Prince Faith it does me, though it diſcolors the complexion of my greatnes to acknowledge it: doth it not ſhew vildly in me, to deſire ſmall beere?

Poynes Why a Prince ſhould not be ſo looſely ſtudied, as to remember ſo weake a compoſition.

Prince Belike then my appetite was not princely gote, for by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature ſmal beere.

But

But indeed theſe humble conſider
with my greatneſſe. What a diſgra
thy name? or to know thy face to m
many paire of ſilke ſtockings thou
that were thy peach colourd once,
thy ſhirts, as one for ſuperfluitie, an
the Tennis court keeper knows be
of linnen with thee when thou keep
haſt not done a great while, becauſ
tries haue eate vp thy holland: and
that bal out the ruines of thy linnen
but the Midwiues ſay, the children
vpon the world increaſes, and kinr
ned.

Poynes How ill it followes, after
you ſhould talke ſo ydlely! tell me h
ces woulde doe ſo, their fathers bein
time is.

Prince Shall I tel thee one thing

Poynes Yes faith, and let it be an

Prince It ſhall ſerue among wit
then thine.

Poynes Go to, I ſtand the puſh
will tell.

Prince Mary I tell thee, it is not m
now my father is ſicke, albeit I could
pleaſes me for fault of a better to cal
and ſad indeede too.

Poynes Very hardly, vpon ſuch a

Prince By this hand, thou thinke
booke, as thou and Falſtaffe, for ob
let the end trie the man, but I tel thee
ly that my father is ſo ſick, and keep
thou arte, hath in reaſon taken from
rowe.

Poynes The reaſon.

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